

UNIVERSITY CLUB

"What Fools These Mortals Be!"



August 20, 1917

Price 10 Cents

In the Cold

L. O.
MYSTER

Telling the Nation what War is

"How many people who talk and write about war would have the courage to face a minute, fractional part of the reality underlying war's inherited romance?"

This sentence, from a Collier war article indicates more or less exactly Collier's aim in covering the Great War.

Not that we design to concoct gratuitous horror, or destroy belief that this war contains the heroism, thrills and eye-filling panoply which poets would make us think are the salient facts of all war.

Collier's has simply aimed to tell its readers *what war really is*.

Any observer, of course, can fill pages with bombardments, charges, retreats, estimates of losses and gains. But here, as always, it takes the man who is at once keen visioned, of wide experience and understanding and an artist to create that sense of physical contact with this amazing thing oversea for which we have felt Collier readers were eager.

Therefore we have constantly given them such things as Gelett Burgess's vivid picture "How Fear Came to Paris"; Perceval Gibbon's "The Gate of Germany"; Frederick Palmer's "The Greatest of Battles"; Wadsworth Camp's "The Dark Frame of War"; Arthur Ruhl's "Up to the Front," "Rumania Learns What War Is," "Russia's War Prisoners," "Cannon Fodder."

Take Ruhl's work as an example of war reporting that realizes the Collier ideal.

Consider "Russia's War Prisoners," that picture of the blue-gray tide flowing toward Siberia; the figures that stand forth from the throng—the Bukowina schoolmaster, the Luxembourg Jew, the counts and peasants; the piles of letters and telegrams following the prisoners hither and yon. Consider the impression of the author's whole experience which, by very restraint, he succeeds in printing on your memory as of something *you* have encountered.

Or "Cannon Fodder," a flashlight on the meaning of war as seen in a Budapest hospital. Or that thought-impelling picture of the interchange of Austrian and Russian wounded outside of Stockholm on a May morning. . . .

This, we repeat, is the Collier ideal in war reporting—timeliness, combined with the ability to see things as they are, clear thinking and art in writing—which gives the result some of the qualities of literature.

Collier's feels that by giving Americans the actual touch of war, its sounds, its smells, telling how it acts, how soldiers die—war with all its heroism but stripped of glamour—it is helping teach Americans not cravenly to shrink from war but rather to think more deeply and, out of awakened national consciousness, to consider why wars happen and how the things that make them happen can be changed.

This is another way in which Collier's earns the right to its title "The National Weekly."

This advertisement is the fourth of a series on the relation of Collier's to the nation

Collier's

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY



Suck

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The Man Who Stayed Out

By A. H. Folwell

SHE walked into the business office of the daily newspaper and stopped before the counter.

"I should like to have this advertisement put in tonight's edition," she said to the clerk. "Here it is."

The clerk took the slip of paper which she held out to him and read it. It was very brief, just a single sentence. Then he read it again:

"I beg pardon," he stammered; "I don't quite understand. You wish this put in the paper?"

"I said so," replied the woman, who was neither old nor plain; "I wish it put in tonight's paper, in as good a position as possible, under the head of *Where To Dine*. You run a list of hotels and restaurants under that general heading, do you not?"

"Y-y-y-es, ma'am! Oh, yes," said the clerk, fingering the slip nervously. "How many insertions?"

"Keep it running for about a week, I should say," answered the self-contained woman; "every day for a week."

"May I ask—er—what's the idea?"

"Not at all. I'm not surprised in the least at your asking. I want this to reach my husband's eye; he's a regular reader of your paper, and if he sees it in your *Where To Dine* column it may possibly strike him as being a good idea. I've tried telling him until I'm weary; now I'll try this and see what effect it will have."

And that night, on an inside page of the paper, at the top of a column of hotel and restaurant advertisements, there appeared this extraordinary notice:

WHERE TO DINE
WHY NOT DINE AT HOME, WITH
YOUR WIFE, ONCE IN A WHILE?

The Uses of Verbal Camouflage

By Elias Lieberman

IF gratitude is the expectation of future benefits, innuendo is most often the unexpressed desire for them. That means, Mabel, that if you want anything the best way not to get it is to mention it by name. For example: "Hasn't Agnes the cutest silver fox set you ever saw" means freely translated, "I want one like it but, dear husband, I should prefer to have you infer my need rather than suffer the humiliation of begging for it."

When Clarence sashays you past a soda fountain, just murmur, "How hot it is!" Notice how crude "Won't you buy me a soda?" would seem beside the diplomatic way of expressing it.

Innuendo thrives in households and may be regarded as one of the domestic arts. "No, you cannot sit up with your sick friend to-night" crushes for the evening a man's hope of flipping ivory disks across a green, felt-covered table. And so too, "Father gets sleepy at about eleven" hints that the young man had better postpone presenting arms until a more auspicious time. Innuendo seems to be a poetical device for cashing in coupons without the necessity of showing them.

Playing Safe

It was late when they returned from the theatre.

"Won't you come in for a little while, Ted, dear?" she asked.

"No-o, I think not," replied Ted, hesitatingly.

"I wish you would," the girl continued, "it's awfully lonesome. Mother is away for the night and father is upstairs groaning with rheumatism in the legs."

"Which leg?" asked Ted.

"Both legs," said she.

"Then," said he, "I'll come in."



THE NEWER ÆSOP

Fabled By
George S. Chappell

I

Illustrated By
Hogarth, Jr.

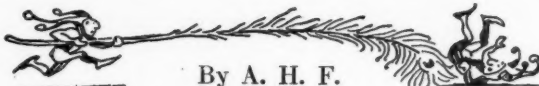
FATHER ÆSOP, in his fables,
Took the tenants of the Zoo,
Tagged 'em all with human labels,
Made 'em act like me and you.
Mice set most elaborate tables,
Jackdaws decked themselves with sables,
Horses boasted of their stables
Just as human beings do.

BY his art he made inviting
Solemn moral attributes
Which are really quite exciting
Dressed in hide and feather suits;
But, now all the world is fighting,
Clawing, pecking, scratching, biting,
Isn't Æsop's way of writing
Rather hard on simple brutes?

Ruck

"On the Other Hand"

Clothes of wood pulp is one of the possibilities for the coming year. In which event, mere elementary prudence will dictate an extra pair of trousers, tied on in back after the manner of an automobile's extra tire.



By A. H. F.

of steel or wood.

The Three Men of Gotham, who went to sea in a bowl, may have been up against a controversy as to whether ships should be

A member of the British Food Ministry announced the discovery that "the American Beef Trust acted as jobbers as well as wholesalers." Such research work should be encouraged. Who knows but this enterprising Briton may some day discover that the American Beef Trust is not wholly unrelated to the price of beef to the consumer?

Not all the national forces have been mobilized, by any manner of means. Ultimately, Big League Baseball pitchers will be asked to knit useful articles during the four or five days a week when they are off duty. What better proof that the nation is awake than the click of knitting needles on the players' bench?

All sale of liquor will be prohibited in a five mile zone about the military training camps. —The War Department.

At times, we take it, the Temperate Zone may be the Torrid.

Mr. Edison has invented a talking machine that projects sound for 250 yards. Without wishing to belittle the Edisonian achievement, we nevertheless desire to state that Congress has perfected a talking machine which projects sound to the uttermost parts of the earth.

The Crown Prince reminds one of a chess player. He doesn't care how many pawns he sacrifices as long as he can get into the king row.

The news from the Pershing front in France is that champagne is "cheap and plentiful." A wise War Department will establish prominently a recruiting station in Longacre Square. The sign should read, "Spend New Year's Eve in the Trenches; Champagne cheap and plentiful; Reserve your mess-kits NOW!" The government's big problem will be the matter of transports.

If any ex-elevator-starter gets a commission in the army, his command must not think it odd if his order to charge is, "Up, please!"

The motor car which was stolen from a Waldorf bell-boy was probably a Hopmobile.

In enforcing the draft regulations, the War Department warned that it would let no man hide behind a woman's skirts. Any man trying to hide behind a modern skirt would be entitled to the celebrated Ostrich medal for optimism.

The Kaiser's stability of throne depends upon how many conscientious ejectors there are in Germany.

"Peaceful picketing" at Washington has taken the place once occupied by "watchful waiting."

Boiled down to first principles, the government's case against the profiteers is that they can't do their bit and get it, too.

"There is now on foot a scheme to suggest sentiment or emotions by odors or perfumes. They will be able, in conjunction with what you see on the screen, to shoot out an odor into the auditorium." —A Movie Magnate.

What subtle perfume suggests a man being hit with a pie?

"I fear that to many Americans the war has been of no more interest than a dog fight in the street." —Bishop Williams.

Did the Bishop ever think what would happen if a really good dog fight should be staged at the junction of, say, Broadway and Forty-second Street?

The poem contest prizes for members of the New York and New England regiments have been awarded. —The news from Plattsburg.

Why not? Must all gas be poison gas in war times?



"I'm Proud of You, Jim. Come Home with Honor."

Kerensky is hailed as Russia's great man, perhaps its savior. A while ago, conservative opinion would have classed him merely as "a reckless agitator."

Some people are saying that with modern weapons war is an intolerable institution, and that this great strife will be the last. Some people said that when the flint-axe was a "modern weapon."

Recently, in a raid, the police discovered and confiscated 10,000 poker chips. There seems to be no limit to the mania for hoarding necessities of life.

A former British soldier, who is shy seven ribs, came to this country the other day with his bride. Friend Adam, if we remember correctly, made a shrewder bargain.

"Keep in the fresh air a certain number of hours out of the twenty-four," said a celebrated heavyweight fighter in a recent talk on health. This is not funny till you hear to whom he said it. He was talking to an audience of motormen and trolley conductors.

Ruck



The News in Rhyme

Verses by BERTON BRALEY

Drawings by MERLE JOHNSON

The Russian muss grows wuss and wuss;
Their army's gone to bits again,
And all they do the whole day through
Is run away from Fritz again.
Kerensky's sterner policy
We think will be exhibited,
And traitors who have gone scot free
Will presently be gibbeted.

Our Goethals-Denman shipping row
Grew very fierce and terrible,
And Wilson said, "Say, look here now;
This fracas is unbearable.
It's ships we want—get busy, boys,
And build our proper share of them;"
But all they answered with was noise,
And so he canned the pair of them.

There's quite a din around Berlin
And there's a new prime minister,
And yet it seems the Prussian schemes
Are still malign and sinister;
And, though unrest may be expressed
By speeches and by rioting,
Bosche papers cease to speak of peace
—A censorship's so quieting!

B. Leonard met one J. Kilbane
And left him smashed and twisted, yet
Though Benny fights with might and
main,
We bet he's not enlisted yet;



When gold's in sight these pugs will fight
And stand for blows and welts again.
They bravely smash and slug for cash;
But war?—that's something else
again!



The draft has drawn our brain and
brawn
To fight our German enemies,
We hope to trim the Teuton grim,
However great his venom is;
Some German ships essayed to quit
The ports of Holland, warily,
But when the open seas they hit
The English sank them merrily.

The U-boat toll is far from droll—
It's much too high to please us all;
The H.C.L. goes up, pell mell,
As speculators squeeze us all.
A bill for aeroplanes was passed
And strange to say, quite quickly, too,
And soon in France they'll flutter fast
And make the Germans sickly, too.

The German spies still work for Krupp
And Kaiser, unremittingly,
The Socialists are breaking up
And doing so ear-splittingly;
Manhattan's last horse-car is gone—
It won't awaken fun again,
The dog days now are coming on
And Mitchel's going to run again.





That Interesting Moment When Johnny Forswore Piracy as a Profession and Decided to Take Up the "White Man's Burden."

The Watch

THE watch is a small, portable collection of complicated machinery which enables man to tell time so accurately that he is almost invariably from five to twenty-five minutes late for his appointments. Some men only use watches in order to keep tabs on the railroad, so that they can curse it fluently when a train is more than thirty seconds late. Others appear to have recourse to their timepieces only at dinner-time. If their watches show that they are being kept waiting more than five minutes, they insult their wives with unexampled ferocity.

The owner of a watch is proud that somebody else isn't on time. But when a man is reminded that he himself isn't on time, and is shown a watch to prove it, he despises the watch with all his soul, and wishes passionately that it had never been brought into being. Woman has little or no use for a watch, and seldom wears one except as a decoration. This is because most women regard their intuition as greatly superior to a watch, so far as time-keeping is concerned. When their intuition tells them that it is 6:30, and their watches tell them that it is 6:55, they have a private feeling that the watches are liars.

BLACK: Jimson, who enlisted a while ago, is on the firing line!

WHITE: He ought to be very useful—knows how to put up a big front!

Mangled Maxims for Many Men

THE MUNITIONS MAKER: Peace would be hell.

THE REAL ESTATE MAN: A new boom sweeps clean.

THE FARMER: The hand that runs the reaper rules the world.

THE KAISER: We maim to please.

THE SPECULATOR: There's many a slip 'twixt the *coup* and the tip.

THE DOCTOR: While there's life let's dope.

THE FOOD MAGNATE: To the poor all is pure.

THE SLACKER: Duty is only skin deep.

The Little Leaves

The little leaves, the lively leaves, the mischief-loving, laughing leaves, They plot with every passing breeze in chuckling whispers gay; Coquetting with the shadows now, tip-toe on every swaying bough, They push the blossom-petals off to make a holiday.

Oh little leaves, oh tender leaves, oh soft-unfolding, slender leaves, What can you know of summer suns or winter's icy breath?

Like saucy, heedless children, bent on just the moment's merriment, You flout the frowning weather-man and dance your way to death.

—MARY COLES CARRINGTON.

A Dangerous Pastime

THE smallest human brain on record belonged to a New Yorker named Daniel Lyon, according to recently-published medical statistics. There is a tendency in some quarters to sneer at New York for being the residence of the smallest-brained man. A few have even gone so far as to intimate that the late Mr. Lyon was small-brained because of the fact that he was a New Yorker. Persons making insinuations of this character had best be careful, lest they be hoist with their own petards. New York's population is largely made up of people from Lubec, Maine; Yakima, Washington; Baton Rouge, Louisiana, and intervening points. The jovial soul from Maxinkuckee, Indiana, who uses the brain of Daniel Lyon as an argument to show that New York is a city of small-minded individuals, might suddenly discover that Daniel Lyon was born and educated in Maxinkuckee, and that he migrated to New York because the outlook for earning more than seven dollars a week in Maxinkuckee was distinctly gloomy. It's always dangerous to poke fun at a New Yorker. He might even turn out to be a Bostonian.

—Kenneth L. Roberts.

"The United States has entered the war in the firm belief of victory for right, and has not the slightest intention of stopping until the victory is achieved."

—SECRETARY OF WAR BAKER.

Reptiles and Reptiles

A SHORT time ago the Reptile Study Society had a field day in New Jersey for the purpose of discovering, classifying and communing with as many snakes as possible. The Reptile Study Society knows its business a great deal better than we do, of course. At the same time, the present moment appears to offer a remarkable opportunity for the Reptile Study Society to investigate, study and publish data on a number of reptiles which only appear when the nation is in danger. We have reference to the snakes which infest our national legislative bodies, and strike with poisoned fangs at our honor and our very lives; to the reptiles that speculate in food-stuffs when the poor of the nation stand in imminent danger of actual starvation; to the crawling things that seek to prevent this country from taking immediate and effective steps to help rid the world of the crushing incubus of Hohenzollernism and Prussianism. Such snakes as these are a fouler, more vicious breed than any that have hitherto been honored with the attention of the Reptile Study Society. This, however, is a time when patriotism requires every man to do his duty, regardless of its unpleasantness. The Reptile Study Society should temporarily abandon the harmless, beautiful creatures of the fields and woods, and turn its attention to the super-snakes that lurk in wheatpits, Congressional halls and anti-War circles.

His Reception!

"Does your wife mine the hall when you are out late?"
"Not exactly, but she blows me up when I come in!"

Doomed

MRS. DISCHWRAG: Mr. Sipper was at church last Sunday and got confirmed.

MRS. MOPP: That's good! He drinks like a fish.

MRS. DISCHWRAG: That's all very well; but he will never be anything but a confirmed drunkard.

The New Terror

WE'VE heard a lot of curtain-fire, Of shrapnel, bombs and poison gas; But obsolete, these must retire— More modern weapons now surpass.

What of the fear of drafting then?
What of the divers' pirate loot?
For German lines will stagger when
Potato plants begin to shoot.

—Morgan Underwood Moore.

The Latest War Moves

(INTERPRETED BY MILITARY EXPERTS.)
As the French Communique Reported It.

As is shown by the above map, our troops have won a sweeping victory in establishing a salient in the Hyphen-Crullers-Chivvy triangle, fronting on the River Salt and the Deauxnut Railway, after a week's hard fighting. The operations which culminated in this magnificent achievement on the part of General Stoffre are of the utmost strategic importance, as the new battle-line enables us to dominate a still larger field of operations in the smashing drive toward Crullers. By crumpling up General von Windyburg's front along the Au Fait Road valuable ground has been gained and the new disposition of our forces permits lateral attacks on new sectors. Too much importance cannot be attached to the gaining of this much-prized salient.

As Von Windyburg Reported It

A CRUSHING defeat is being inflicted on

General Stoffre's army, massed near Crullers, where the enemy advanced hastily, following Field Marshal von Cluck's strategic retirement to the Deauxnut Railway line. Two divisions of the enemy are almost entirely cut off from their base at Amen by enveloping movements which, according to the latest dispatches, are already victories of the most spectacular proportions. The enemy's flanks are retiring in disorder both from Hyphen and the River Salt front, as well as from the Chivvy-Delicatessenkopf line. The map shows the enemy's main army in imminent danger of being surrounded and either annihilated or captured as a result of von Cluck's brilliant coup.

Adding to His Burden

A subscriber complains: Dear Sir—I had to register in Brown's undertaking establishment on Main Street, this town. Don't you think that's kind of rubbing it in?

CONSCRIPT 23.

Tombstone, Arizona.



AT HOME WITH THE BLUES

She Showed Them!

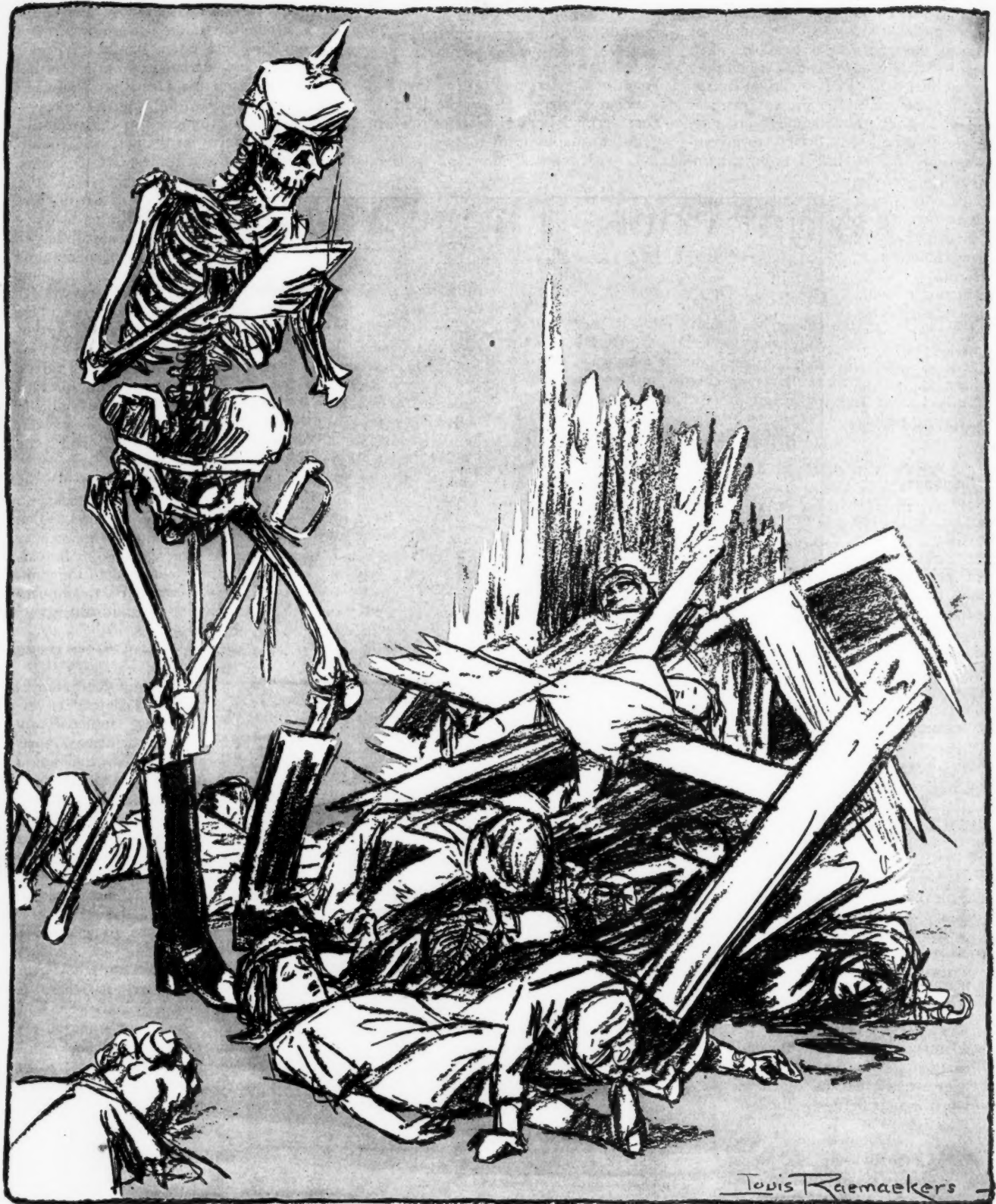
She had on a very short skirt and the wind was blowing. As she started to cross the street she noted a little group of men at the corner. "The horrid creatures!" she cried, "I'll show them!" And she did!



Willie and Jimmie, expecting to steal a ride for a couple of blocks, find they are headed 250 miles away at 40 miles an hour

Ruck

The Famous Raemaekers Cartoons—No. 6



Berlin Dispatch

"Our aircraft scored a glorious victory yesterday, when they bombed the City of London and destroyed military works of great strategic value."

Puck



What Fools These Mortals Be!

PUCK IS THE OLDEST SATIRICAL JOURNAL IN AMERICA—ESTABLISHED 1877

PUCK'S POLICY

WHEN in the course of human events it becomes necessary for a publication to declare its views upon the multiple problems that confront the human race, we believe in stating those views so clearly and concisely as to leave not the slightest doubt of our convictions or our sincerity; therefore

We Believe:

That the United States is the finest country in the world to be born in, to live in and—if you insist on dying—to die in;

That the female sex is far superior to the male sex in attractiveness;

That war is a pest and the sooner it is abolished the happier we all will be;

That Democrats, Republicans and Progressives all swelter alike when the thermometer reaches 100°;

That economy in food not only increases the national efficiency but also reduces the individual waist line;

That every cloud has a silver lining, AND

That it is better to laugh than to cry.

As, from time to time, other momentous questions arise, our policy will be declared with the same straightforward, unequivocal firmness.

Hymen Triumphant

EVER since the first wheeze on marriage was launched upon its cuneiform career, the patient jokesmith has never lacked inspiration so long as the terrors of marital existence swayed the popular superstition.

But along comes war, and shatters into fragments this hoary standby of the whimsy-whittling fraternity; for we read that in one day 164 slacker marriages were performed in the municipal wedding bower maintained by the City of New York, in spite of the efforts of the Federal authorities to convince these ardent Benedicts that the bond of Hymen might, after all, fail to excuse them from the

military service for which they were plainly liable under the draft laws.

The spectacle of 164 young men who were willing to accept the yoke of double-harness in lieu of khaki speaks well for the institution of marriage, and at one fell swoop takes it out of the category of the mother-in-law joke and the 5:15 train, as the exclusive property of the professional humorist.

It only goes to show how uncertain an influence the jokesmith wields—for a man who wants to slack will slack right into the teeth of danger and brave all the furies of wedded life, in spite of the dire pictures that have been painted for him.

As to Conservation

THE hotel men have been told to serve less food for the same money and have patriotically complied. The dining car men have been told to cut down their portions—allowing their prices to stand—and have responded like the splendid and self-sacrificing Americans that they are.

It now remains to tell the butcher, the baker, the commission man, and the grocer to cut down their poundage or quartage. There is no fear that they will refuse.

Indeed some of them have nobly anticipated the conservationists and given smaller quantities without so much as a request.

Thus will our food be saved to us for the famine that is impending. Of course we shall not have any money to buy it with, having paid it out in larger quantities for smaller portions, but what will that matter? The food will be saved, and perhaps the hotel men and the dining car men and the butcher and the baker and the grocer and the commission man who have put by something out of their added profits will contribute handsomely to the bread line funds.

The statesman who hears his country's call never claims exemption.

We can call our soldiers Sammies while they are in France, but we'd never dare call them that to their faces.



BRITISH STATESMAN: "We are a kingdom in name only. Our Empire is a crowned republic and our King an hereditary president whom we keep on because he doesn't interfere."

AMERICAN STATESMAN: "We loathe Kings, Kaisers, Czars and Emperors. We have but contempt for Princes, Dukes and Lords. The remotest possibility of a World Empire must be wiped out. The world must be made safe for Democracy."

FRENCH STATESMAN: "Our tyrants are overthrown and we mean to fight until the world knows the fierce joy of freedom from royal and imperial fungi. Monarchy by divine right is ridiculous and dangerous."

GEORGE V, BY THE GRACE OF GOD OF THE UNITED KINGDOM OF GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND AND OF THE BRITISH DOMINIONS, BEYOND THE SEAS, KING, DEFENDER OF THE FAITH, EMPEROR OF INDIA: "Really, you fellows, don't mind me, you know!"

Sammy's Complaint

AMERICAN LIEUTENANT: Do you consider the French an intelligent people?

BRITISH LIEUTENANT: Rather! Why do you ask?

AMERICAN LIEUTENANT: Because I don't seem to be able to make them understand their own language.

Plutocrat

"Where can I raise \$2,000?"

"Try the beggar on the corner. He just sold one of his office buildings."

To the Gallows!

"Why were the police called at that big wedding?"

"They were throwing real rice at the newlyweds."

Fitting

"What branch of the service is he going to enlist in?"

"From the loud ties he affects, I should say the heavy artillery."

Another Luxury

CY: What are you doing for a living?

GUY: Playing in a band, but the notes are getting so high I can't afford to waste them much longer.



Dr. Buster, the pro-German surgeon, was facing bankruptcy until he hit on the plan of making well-to-do slackers physically incapable of serving their country

Near the Front

MAJOR: Who will take charge of our Machine Gun?

PRIVATE SMITH: Corporal Higgins was one of the best machine men in our ward; let him do it.

In the Thick of It

"He says he is where bullets are the thickest every day!"

"Yes—he works in a munition factory!"

Enough

Count that day lost whose low descending sun

Sees not another peace wail from the Hun.

Saving on Soap

FIRST TRAMP: What are you doing to help win the war?

SECOND TRAMP: I am letting my whiskers grow.

Oh!

"Say, Dad, do aeroplanes fight in the war zone?"

"No, my son, they fight in the ozone."

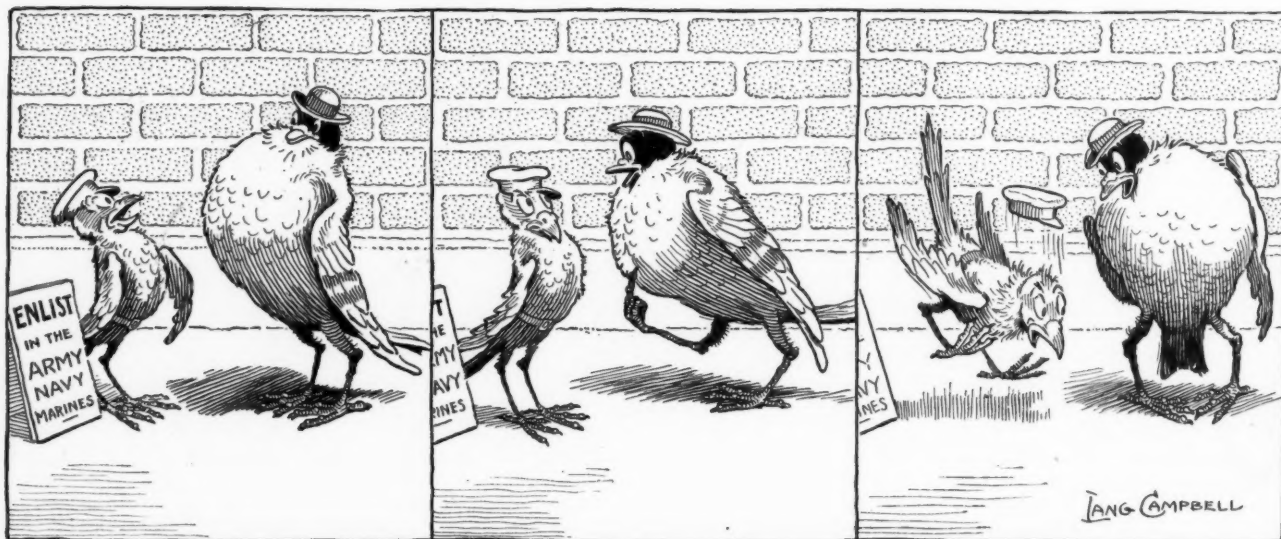
Avoid Substitutes

THE DEVIL (after the war): You're the gentleman that wanted a place in the sun, I believe?

SHADE OF WM. HENZOLLERN: Always!

THE DEVIL: Sorry I can't accommodate you, sire, but I've got a place just as hot.

War Time In Bird Center



"You're a big, strong looking pigeon. Why don't you enlist?"

"I couldn't pass the physical examination—"

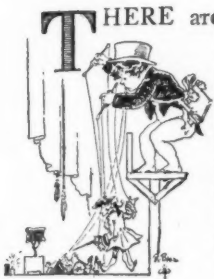
"I'm so darned pigeon-toed!"



"NO MATTER WHAT HAPPENED OR HOW TERRIFIC THE STRUGGLE, THE MANLY HERO ALWAYS MANAGED TO FIND TIME TO BREATHE DULCET WORDS RIGHT DOWN THE SYMPATHETIC NECK OF THE LITTLE HEROINE."

The War Play Versus War

BY ALAN DALE



THERE are actually a number of serious people who profess to believe that in order to write a significant war play, the playwright should go to the front, and study conditions there. They also intimate that if star actors and others were in the midst of the conflict, instead of comfortably distant, in neat bungalow summer homes, they would be able to offer portrayals fervid with truth.

You see, serious people are so dreadfully—serious. My opinion is exactly contrary. It seems to me that if every self-respecting, conscriptable gentleman studied war plays, war heroes, war heroines, and war villains, the result would be infinitely more interesting.

In our plays, for instance, the hero is so spectacularly virile that even at break-fast time, when patriotism usually runs rather low, he is full of exalted utterances. You may watch him breaking a boiled egg, but his supremely belligerent epigrams trip gloriously from his lips. His figure is always perfect, and his uniform consistently immaculate. Moreover, into his patriotism is instilled a splendid human love.

The stage hero is half patriotism, and half love; or possibly a quarter of the former, and three-quarters of the latter. In the real issues, love appears to be forgotten. Opportunities may be lacking, or life may be too strenuous. That is why I insist that the stage can teach a great deal, and facilitate matters considerably, as it were.

In all the plays dealing with the Civil War—which is of course rather "old style"—the Northern hero was hopelessly, but picturesquely, in love with the Southern heroine, or the Southern heroine sighed out her young life for the Northern hero, and that *did* lighten up

things a bit, you know. No matter what happened, or how terrific the struggle, the "manly hero" always managed to find time to breathe dulcet words right down the sympathetic neck of the little heroine. Sometimes the dear little thing came right to the battlefield in a pretty, spotless, white muslin dress, with a baby-blue sash, and urged him on to deeds of valor, for her sweet sake. Without her, war life would have been extremely dull. Serious people allege that all this is untrue to life. Perhaps. But why should it be? We are fed up with horrors, and war plays might teach us very effective methods.

Then on the stage it is so easy to detect the villain. In real life, the villain is never labelled. He is a riddle that you are forced to guess at, and sometimes it takes years to discover the fatal truth. On the stage this villain is *always* a spy, and always will be. Usually he wears a sinister moustache, slightly curled up at the ends, and he smokes incessantly. The hero despises tobacco, and would not soil his heroic finger-tips with the pernicious weed. Even the most unsophisticated playgoer instantly recognizes the villain.

It is a wonderfully advantageous arrangement, and it simplifies everything. Our real spies are unclassified and unrecognizable. They have not learned any lesson at all from the stage. The stage manager selects his actor for the

spy role, because he *looks* like a spy, and knows how to smoke like one. Can it be that in real life, there are no soldiers that look like spies? It is hard to believe. Surely there must be a few.

The stage hero is full of sublime lessons. Sometimes you see him at home, with eleven beautiful children draped around him—a pathetic domestic picture. He says to his devoted wife, with laryngeal fervor: "Buckle on my sword, Sophronia. Never shall it be said that your husband is a stay-at-home, and afraid to fight."

Then he turns to his eleven olive-branches, and gurgles: "Kiss popper; he is going to fight. If he should never return, do not weep for him." As he kisses the eleven little ones, on their twenty-two cheeks, every well-regulated audience sheds tears of intense sympathy. It is a delightful lesson, and I recommend it for study and consideration. Alas! All this easy, primitive, and ornamental business is lacking from real life. Everything is hard, unromantic, and bitter, and cruel, and there is no lighter side. The teachings of such plays as "Shenandoah," "Held by the Enemy," "The Blue and the Gray," "Gettysburg," "A Fair Rebel," "The Heart of Maryland," "Secret Service," and other educational successes, have been forgotten.

The "love element" is missing. The "heart interest" is held in abeyance. There never has been a stage war without love interest. The public would turn from it in derision. And in the end, the hero and the heroine always live happily ever afterwards, no matter what their creed or denomination. No audience ever went home dissatisfied with the result of the conflict.

We never hear of any real hero behaving as admirably as our pet stage hero. For instance, the

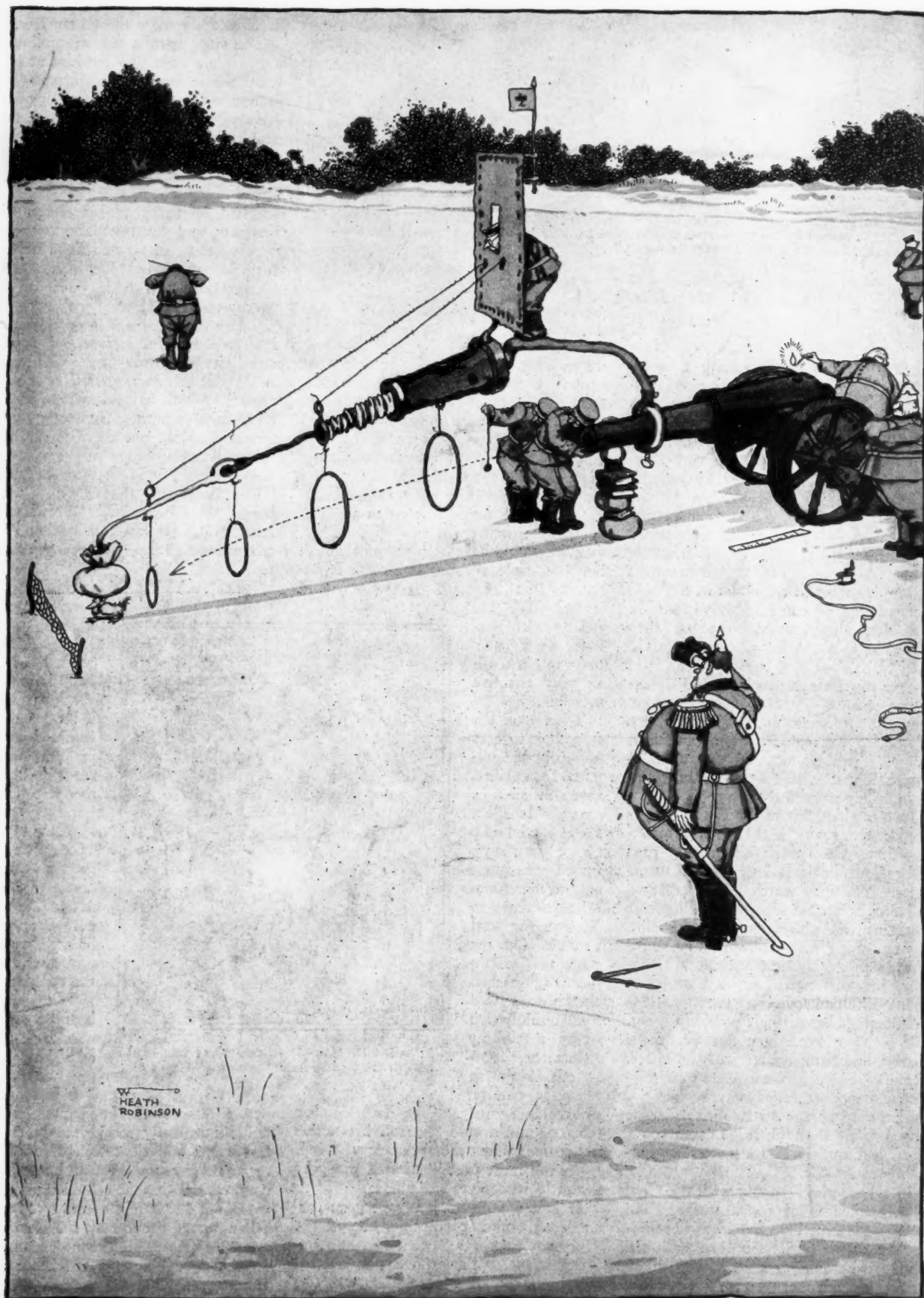
hero meets the villain in close quarters, and immediately recognizes him by his moustache and cigarettes. He begs the infamous one to do full honor to his country. Thereupon the infamous one exclaims: "Damn the country!" and is felled to the ground by the hero. The audience breaks into the most frantic and irresistible applause, and further action is temporarily halted.

(Continued on page 15)



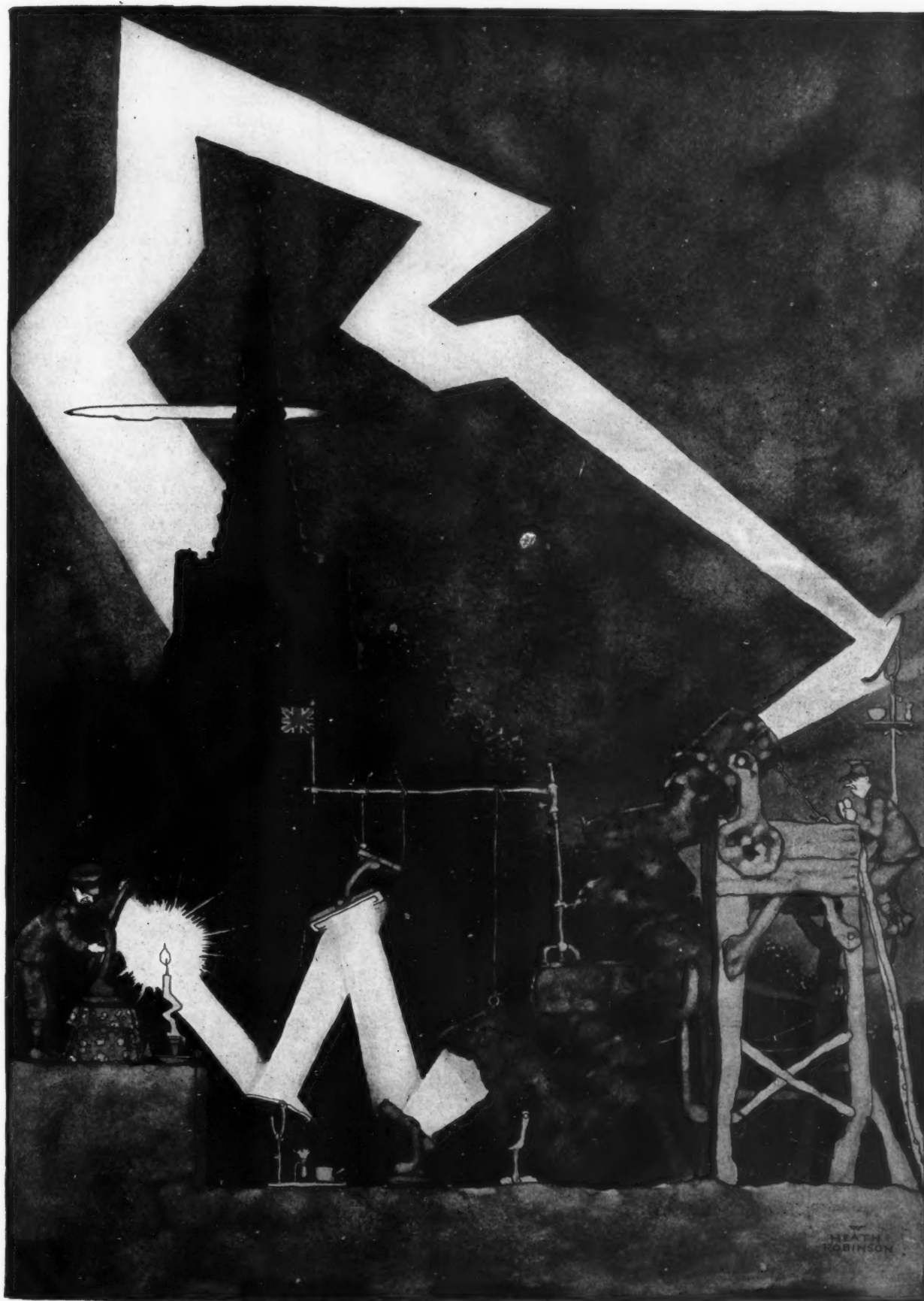
"AS SHE MAKES HIM AN APPETIZING SANDWICH OF leberwurst"

Heath Robinson's Patented Devices · Br

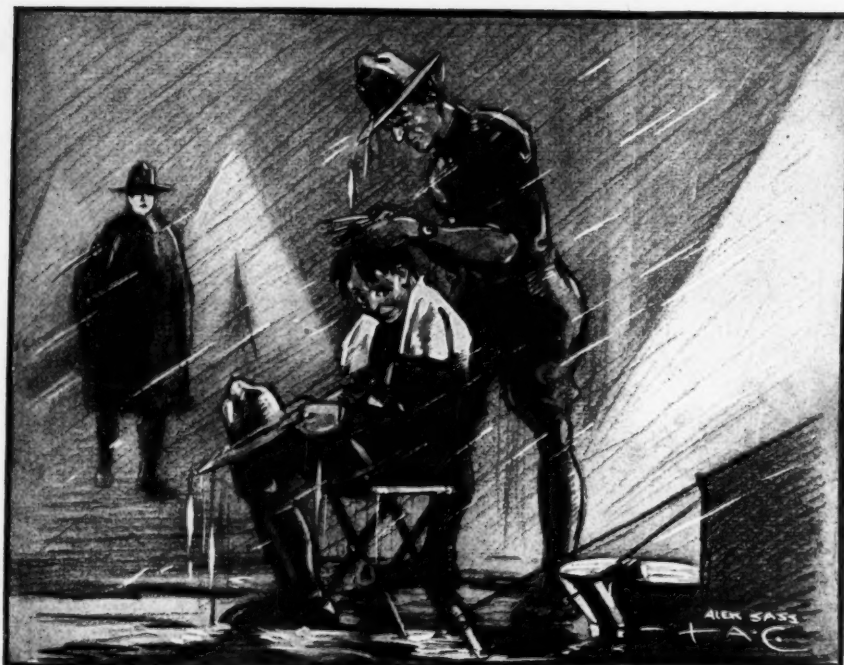


German Artillerymen Practicing with Their New Range Finding Apparatus on Essen Heath

ices *Bringing the War to a Speedy Close*



New Apparatus for Zig-Zagging Searchlights,
Used in Intricate Corner-Work



"Say, Barber, didn't you hear me say I wanted a dry shampoo?"

Music in the Park

TWO strangers stroll into the park and select a bench near the bandstand. Instead of hearing the music, this is what they hear: First, an adagio movement by the police. A faint chirping is audible, like sparrows at dawn, which waxes louder, fuller, culminating in an insistent thrill as traffic grows thicker.

Then comes an allegro passage. A throaty blast smites the evening calm.

A series of staccato honks, commencing in a flute-like pianissimo, ascends in a marvelously executed crescendo that bursts into a rich volume of tone as the charge of the white piqued is carried forward in the latest 1917's.

This is taken up by pedestrians, the theme being repeated in a succession of shuffling sounds, sizes 4, 5 and 3, buttoned, being taken up by the laces, 7, 8 and 10, and carried to a deafening climax.

Following these comes a sextet of particular brilliancy.

"Caught a pickerel—six pounds."

"No, I never put onions in lamb stew."

"Say, Mame, ain't the mosquitoes fierce in this park?"

"And have \$25,000 when I'm 45."

"Hello, girly, like a little expert aid holding down this bench?"

"Gee, I call him a simp!"

After this arises a minor solo.

"Ma, ain't there a ham sandwich left?"

"No, there ain't. You've et enough anny-how."

"Ma, kin I get a ice cream cone?"

"No, leave off teasing me now and listen to the music."

"I don't hear no music, ma. Where is it?"

—Gertrude Sanborn.

The Slackerette

Mary knits our soldiers' socks,
Doing her bit with glee—
Flossy knits her pretty brows,
But not a sock knits she.

The Baseball Instinct

INJURED AMERICAN SOLDIER (regaining consciousness): Where am I?

NURSE: You are at the first base hospital.

INJURED AMERICAN SOLDIER: Then I'll die here. I'm in no condition to steal second.

The Last Pages

HAVING eaten rather heavily at dinner on the preceding evening, Abou Ben Adhem awoke at about two o'clock in the morning and felt under his pillow for his dyspepsia tablets. Before he could find them, he perceived his old friend the angel standing near his bed and writing in the book of gold. Since he had met the angel before, he retained his composure admirably and scrutinized the angel's actions with some care.

He at once noticed that the angel wore a pronounced expression of disgust and loathing on his face, and that he was doing his writing on the very last page of the book.

As he watched, the angel re-capped his fountain pen, replaced it in the upper left hand part of his wing, and contemptuously wiped his fingers on his robe.

"What writest thou?" asked Abou Ben Adhem in his quaint, antiquated way.

"I was writing down the names of the lowest specimens of humanity which the war has revealed," replied the angel, "and I have given at least half of the last page in my book to the names of those who double the prices of their country's flags in order to make a few rotten pennies."

"Bully for you!" cried Abou. "Don't forget the food speculators!"

"Not on your life!" replied the angel bitterly. "I'm ranking them with the Prussian generals on the inside of the back cover!"

The mere mention of these things made Abou so tired that he fell asleep like a baby, without having recourse to his dyspepsia tablets.



BOMBER: Wot makes me sore, Bill, is to think that 'fore I came over here, I let a guy hold me up with a bloomin' pistol!

Puck

Raemaekers Cartoons Drawn Especially for Puck



Louis Raemaekers, a native of Holland, is by general consent acclaimed the greatest cartoonist developed since the beginning of the European war.

Mr. Raemaekers has come to America to work especially for PUCK. He declares that by transferring his operations here he will be in a position to interpret to better advantage than ever before the part that America is to play in the greatest conflict in history.

Every issue of PUCK will have at least one powerful, telling cartoon by Raemaekers.

The War Play Versus War

BY ALAN DALE
(Continued from page 11)

We miss such lovely inspirational episodes in our real war, and yet—and yet—serious people ask our stage producers to study real war. Why on earth should they study anything so disagreeable and so untheatrical? These serious people call imitation war "blood and thunder," and they do it contemptuously. I wonder what they have to say of real war—that it *isn't* blood and thunder?

The fact that most military plays are criticized adversely by real military people is generally known. What does it matter? They are not criticized adversely by dramatic critics, and that is much more important. I daresay that military events are criticized adversely by actors, who can see nothing heroic in the heroes, and nothing villainous in the villains—and the actors are entitled to *their* opinions.

Serious people call war plays ludicrous, and allege that the pursuit of heroism leads to bathos. Light-hearted

people call war itself ludicrous. The interesting question of to-day, however, is what brand of heroine will the American hero love, in the next brew of war play, founded on the events now current? Surely, it will not be the little blonde-haired *fraulein*, looking coy and girlish, as she makes him an appetizing sandwich of *leberwurst*. And yet I can see no other way out of it. The hero and heroine by all laws existing since the days of that popular success known as "Romeo and Juliet" must belong to opposing factions. Otherwise, true love will run smoothly, which is hateful.

None But the Brave

"Where did Jones get that medal he wears? He's never been in the army?"
"It was given him by the Village Improvement Association for eating mushrooms he gathered himself."

JUDGE: You have been found guilty by a jury of your peers?

PRISONER: Please sentence me without knocking me, your honor!

Friend Chef, Give Ear

I cry the need of cheaper eating,
Much cheaper eating, let me state—
While dollar-values keep retreating
And food-stuff values aviate,
Friend chef, I beg of you, don't try me
With viands of the good old times;
No more of sliced potatoes fry me—
Fry me a skillet full of dimes.

Each day my huddled pinch of money
Buys less and less of bread and meat,
Of toast and butter, milk and honey,
Or whatsoever things I eat.
So, though I'm at starvation's border
And crave six eggs with well-done stare,
I might as well forego, and order
As many silver dollars, rare.

Cheap food must be my portion daily
Until old H. C. L. subsidizes,
And though I do not face things gaily
I'll do my best, whate'er betides.
So, ere I close this—(call it) ballad,
Prepare, I beg, with nought of frills,
For me a cheap but filling salad
Whose base is worn one-dollar bills.



STAGE CRAFT

MODERN STAGE MANAGER—There's a successful man for you—designs our costumes. He started at the bottom—used to be a playwright!

Not to Be Disconcerted

TWO young ladies on the promenade of an English seaside resort had been watching the vessels pass, through a telescope lent them by an ancient mariner. On handing the glass back one of them remarked that it was a very good one.

"Yes, miss," said the old tar, "that telescope was given me by Lord Nelson."

"Mercy, man! Why, Lord Nelson has been dead for more than a hundred years!"

"Well, I'm blowed," remarked the salty one, quite unabashed, "'ow the time do fly!"

No religion is any good which a man can't take by the hand and conduct to his place of business.

Some men start their war time dinner with a Martini, others get patriotic and fly the flags of the Allies from their radiator caps.

A man without imagination is like a scarecrow among dismal fields—a thing absurd and ragged and left alone.

Even in the milk of human kindness there is sometimes concealed the wild onion of selfishness.

A Delightful Profession

TO-DAY, to be exact, is Sunday, July twenty-second; The paper says of all hot days the hottest it is reckoned. And 'tis my task (ah, Fate indeed is kind to those who rhyme),

To write a merry jingle of the merry Christmas time. How very pleasant 'tis for me to write about the snow, And frost and ice and Christmas trees, and Arctic winds that blow;

For my imagination's in such splendid working shape That by its aid from present ills I easily escape. And I forget the torridness of this hot day, you see, (Besides, it's not so much the heat as the humidity.) And while my neighbors swelter and wave a futile fan I'm cool as any cucumber, and strongly praise the plan That lets me sit and shiver as I write of Christmas time, And tell how through the frosty air rings out the Christmas chime!

—Carolyn Wells.

CRAWFORD: You must have felt proud when your patriotic display brought all your neighbors to see you.

CRABSHAW: They all came around to tell me that all my flags were hung up the wrong way.

Feeding the Allies

While motoring through the mountains of a southern state, a tourist found a man busily planting corn on Sunday morning.

"My friend," said the traveler, "don't you know this is Sunday?"

"Is it?" asked the native, seemingly much surprised. "I plumb forgot. I might 'a' knowed, too, for I kin recollect mighty well when the preacher interdooced Sunday down here. But then," he added, "I reckon it's all right anyhow, 'cause you know we've got to feed them there alleys."

Unafraid

"I suppose you know De Blow has enlisted? He says he'll be where the fire is hottest."

"That accounts for it. He applied for a station at one of the soup kettles."

Exempt

"Sapleigh has reached military age, hasn't he?"

"Yes, all of him except his mind."

Men who set the pace usually leave it to others to set the brake.



EXCESS BAGGAGE

Zut! I wonder where I left that man-icure set from home!

G. L. WILLSON, President
10 cents a copy

S. S. CARVALHO, Treasurer
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W. G. LANGDON, Secretary, 119 West 40th Street, New York

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Address all communications

119 WEST FORTIETH STREET

NEW YORK CITY

PUCK

Easy

By BERTON BRALEY

It was a Movie hero
Who went away to war
Because he thought his country
Was worth the fighting for.

They put him in the trenches
Where shells and bombs abound
And "Hell is all a-poppin'"
Above and underground.

And did this Movie hero
Proceed to wince and blench?
And was he most unhappy
Within the muddy trench?

"Ha! Ha!" he loudly chortled,
"Why should I dodge or flinch?
For me, a Movie hero,
This war-stuff is a cinch!

"This job of dodging shrapnel
Evokes enthusiasm,
It's easier than leaping
Across a yawning chasm.

"It's pleasanter than climbing
A tall sky-scraper's side,
Or rescuing the heroine
From Hell Gate's rushing tide;

"I've jumped from speeding autos
And dared the lion's den,
I've carried fainting ladies
For seven miles, or ten;

"To give the Movie patrons
A new and poignant thrill
I've swum the Whirlpool Rapids
With superhuman skill.

"Compared to such endeavors
I find this daily strife,"
He paused to dodge a hand grenade,
—"A calm and quiet life.

"Afar from wild directors
Who seek the Movie 'punch,'
Afar from lady Movie fans
Who ask me out to lunch,

"I live my mild existence
In battle's smoke and murk,
And dread the thought that some day
I must go back to work!"

Due Caution

For non-committal brevity of speech,
commend us to the Yankee lord of the
soil. One such, who was recently
obliged to make frequent visits to the
city, was knocked down in the street by
an automobile and was instantly sur-
rounded by a sympathizing crowd, with
condolences and questions.

"Did it hurt you, my good man,"
kindly questioned a reverend gentleman
who assisted the suburbanite to his feet,
brushing the mud and dust from his
clothes.

"Well," came the cautious answer,
"it ain't done me no good."



Answering the Nation's Call

IN this "supreme test" of the nation, private interests must be subordinated to the Government's need. This is as true of the telephone as of all other instrumentalities of service.

The draft for war service which has been made upon the Bell System is summarized in a recent Government report.

Government messages are given precedence over commercial messages by means of 12,000 specially drilled long distance operators all over the country.

The long distance telephone facilities out of Washington have been more than doubled.

Special connections have been established between all military headquarters, army posts, naval

stations and mobilization camps throughout the United States.

More than 10,000 miles of special systems of communication have been installed for the exclusive use of Government departments.

Active assistance has been given the Government by the Bell System in providing telephone communications at approximately one hundred lighthouses and two hundred coast guard stations.

Communication has been provided for the National Guard at railroad points, bridges and water supply systems.

A comprehensive system of war communication will be ready at the call of the Chief Signal Officer, and extensive plans for co-operation with the Navy have been put into effect with brilliant success.

As the war continues, the demands of the Government will increase. And the public can help us to meet the extraordinary conditions by putting restraint on all unnecessary and extravagant use of the telephone.



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Universal Service



ONLY the man in trench or training camp knows how slowly the hours pass when the reading matter from back home stops coming.

No matter what branch of the service he is in, we can reach him *regularly* with PUCK. Simply give us his name and regiment—we will find him, and change his address as often as necessary. The coupon on page 23 makes it easy.

The Irrepressible Russian



Next to the pursuit of *vodka*—which used to be the national beverage—the worship of the Little Father was the ruling passion of the simple Russian. In his unaffected way he used to toss a bomb or two every now and

then at Grand Dukes and Princes merely because of their blood relationship to the object of his affections. These touching efforts of the Slavic temperament to show its hidden stores of love made Nevski Prospekt in Petrograd an avenue of many thrills, surprises and magic disappearances. You never knew when your hat would be blown off and possibly your head with it.

When the Little Father was assigned by the revolutionary domestic agency to shovelling snow around his estate at Tsarskoe-Selo, his naive Russian admirers were with difficulty restrained from strangling him with fond embraces. Only the thought that His Imperial Excellency was busy at a useful task and the innate reserve of an untaught, yet dutiful, nature kept many a faithful subject from showering him with nitroglycerine confetti.

The passing of the Great White Czar left a deplorable gap in the heart of the *Moujik* and of the Russian social system. If not another czar, then at least a Duma or some Cabinet Ministers had to be substituted. The affectionate nature of the Russian ever craves an object, must have a goal and find a vent. We are looking forward with expectation (not unmingled with trepidation) to a lively season along the Neva.

Teuton Revenge
Prussianism's

In the lurch;
Hoch der Kaiser!
Shell a church!

—*Birmingham Age-Herald*.

Tougher days are
Coming, maybe.

'Ray for Wilhelm!
Brain a baby!

—*Macon Telegraph*.

He Wanted to Know

OFFICER: Now, Private Jenkins, I am going to give you a very responsible job. Under our advanced trench is a large mine. I want you to stay there, and when the mine goes up I want you to blow this whistle—going up or coming down?—*Answers*.

PRIVATE JENKINS: Well, there's one thing I'm not certain of, sir. When do I blow the whistle—going up or coming down?—*Answers*.

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50c. the case of six glass stoppered bottles.



The End of the World?

NO. It's not. She is being pretty cruelly battered, but she will survive. This madness, this thing we call War, that attacks her at times, has terrible powers, but it hasn't the power to last.

While it's here, there are some compensations. We are stirred to our depths, we are all more alive, more sincere. There was never such a time for true friendships, and for all that's most real.

The Metropolitan Magazine is fighting its part in this war. Read its searching editorials that keep just ahead of the times, its news of conditions abroad by the keen William Hard, its articles by Roosevelt that ring out across the whole land, its spirited, truth-dealing fiction, its words of the future,—that new and more vigorous age that is already dawning.

It's the kind of a magazine American homes need in war-time.

In the September Metropolitan JUST OUT

Snakebite (a complete novelette)
by ROBERT HICHENS

An Editorial Message
by THEODORE ROOSEVELT

Adventures and Letters of
RICHARD HARDING DAVIS

My Conversion to Spiritualism
by SIR ARTHUR CONAN DOYLE

I've Come to Stay (3-part serial)
by MARY HEATON VORSE

The Perils of Writing for the Movies
by W. J. ABBOTT

AT ALL GOOD NEWSSTANDS—AUGUST 8th

Kilts for Civilians

By James D. Law.

The British Government by recent pronouncement is encouraging the use of kilts instead of trousers not only by soldiers but by all civilians. It has been suggested that Great Britain's example be followed in the United States.

—News Item.

THO' rarely I give any heed
To tailors and their fads,
Here is a Fashion note, indeed,
For laddies and their dads;
The British Government assails
The cash for clothing spilt,
And says instead of trousers males
Should wear the Scottish kilt.

Most dyes are too expensive now
To use for pantaloons;
And we to such a fate must bow
For, lo, these many moons.
Hot pressing also costs too much,
Declares the latest lilt,
But need not ever trouble such
As wear the thrifty kilt.

No longer dudes may deck their limbs
In garments creased and shaped,
Until they look like moving "trims"
In stove-pipe sections draped.
To some extent they soon may show
The way their calves are built
As proudly in their hose they go
Surmounted by the kilt.

But not in plaids of dazzling hues
May sporran-weavers strut,
Their skirts to match their little trews
From khaki will be cut.
Two changes in a year at most
Will save a lot of gilt,
And prove the economic cost
Of keeping up a kilt.

In summer cool, in winter warm,
Such comfortable dress
Will introduce a great reform
E'en cynics must confess.
And all of high or low degree
Who try to run a tilt
Of this rare common sense decree
Should not be scotcht but kilt.



His first manicure

What Is a Cigar?

Cigars are torpedo-shaped rolls of tobacco or near-tobacco. While no cigar ever makes as much noise as a torpedo when it is fired, it is almost as deadly, in proportion to its size. It is not unusual to see two strong boys completely prostrated by a small five-cent cigar not over six inches in length.

The cigar was invented, so far as is known, by the North American Indians. No record exists of the first Indian who rolled and smoked a cigar; but it is strongly suspected by competent archaeologists that he was ill for a week immediately following his first smoke.

In the hands of an experienced smoker, a cigar is a comfort and delight. It banishes care, stimulates thought, soothes the nerves, and, if smoked late at night,

causes the smoker to wake up on the following morning with the same sort of taste in his mouth that might result from swallowing a quart of kerosene.

Cigars range in price from three cents apiece to a dollar and a half. It is not definitely known what cigar manufacturers put in three-cent cigars to give them such a vicious and potent odor. If it were not for the fact that chemicals are so expensive, it would not be unreasonable to suppose that the base of all cheap cigars is asafetida.

Though womenfolk as a whole object to cigars because their smoke smelts up the rugs and the curtains, they should withdraw their objections as soon as possible, if not sooner, because of the fact that smoking tends to keep a man quiet

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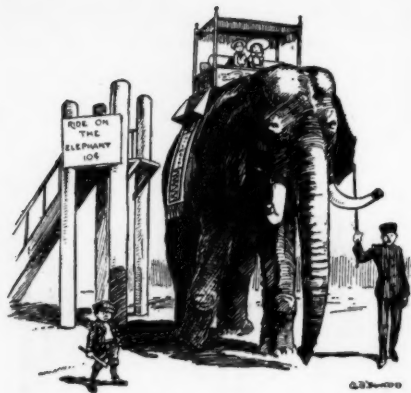
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satisfactory, I will return them at your expense. Otherwise I
12 months, thus getting the benefit of your half-price sale.

above terms to \$2.50 on delivery and \$3 a month for 20 months.



"De nerve of dat stuck-up kid, takin' my goil for a ride! Fer two cents, I'd knock dat elephant out from under him."

Odd and Interesting Information

The English language is spoken by about 135,000,000 people, each one of whom finds fault with the way the other 134,999,999 speak it.

If it is true that a person's ears burn whenever anyone says something complimentary about him behind his back, then Josephus Daniels must have asbestos hair.

The Sultan of Turkey is passionately fond of novel-reading when not instigating Armenian massacres. During the last three years he has read only two novels.

It takes the labor of 60,000 people to make matches for the world; but in spite of this, it is estimated that in America alone 236 people borrow matches from strangers during each minute of the day.

New York City is to have a new hotel containing between 3,000 and 4,000 rooms. The coffee served in it is expected to be light gray in color, just as in hotels with fewer rooms.

The largest bore recorded is a gun of 28 inches calibre, made at Peejapoor, India, during the 17th century. Congress also has some large ones.

If Kaiser William II had a dollar for each time he had planned to eat Christmas dinner in Paris, he could throw away his crown and buy himself a derby hat.

—K. L. Roberts.

Modern Gallantry

A bright looking girl, with snappy black eyes, was a passenger on a surface car the other day when, moving forward, she found herself directly in front of a man, who, jumping up, said: "Take my seat, Miss."

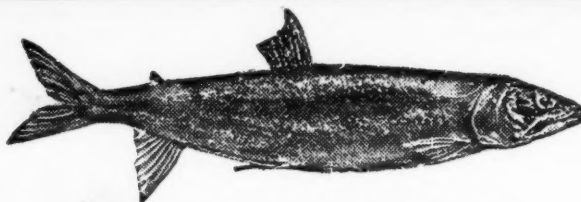
"Thank you," said the girl, "but I also am getting off at the next corner."

What She Saw

MR. VAN BLAIR: Paid \$50 for a hat! Are you mad?

MRS. VAN BLAIR: Not at all, but I see you are!

Ruck



The Evening Post ANGLING MEDAL

is given for the fish caught this year which proves the best specimen of his class. Represents the highest fishing prowess.

The Second Annual Anglers' Contest

is now open, and entries are being received. No fees; no duties. Simply fill out a Measurement Blank for each fish, and send it in with the signatures of witnesses.

Send to-day for a few blanks and the contest regulations and classifications.

Grand Prize—Evening Post Angling Medal (14 Karat Gold)

SPECIAL PRIZE—\$25 worth of Abbey & Imbrie Fishing Tackle, to be selected by the winner, for the best story and photograph of a catch.

For the heaviest fish in each of the following classes \$10.00 worth of Abbey & Imbrie Fishing Tackle will be awarded:

SALT WATER FISH

- Class A—Weakfish
- Class B—Flounder and Fluke
- Class C—Bluefish
- Class D—Striped Bass
- Class E—Sea Bass

FRESH WATER FISH

- Class 1—Small or Large Mouthed Black Bass
- Class 2—Pickerel
- Class 3—Yellow or White Perch
- Class 4—Lake Salmon and Salmon Trout
- Class 5—Lake or Square-tailed Trout

INFORMATION BLANK

ANGLING EDITOR, New York Evening Post:

Send me measurement blanks, and your folder giving details of Anglers' Contest

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Permanent Address.....

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What Fools These Mortals Be!



HUMOR, a consideration of the fads and fallacies of the day, have their place even in war time, and PUCK has set for itself the task of interpreting the lighter side of Americanism under fire. It will strive to foster patriotism and encourage national service, realizing at the same time that the grim reality of war has another phase, in which optimism and good humor play no small part in the biggest game the world has ever known. For the duration of the war, therefore, read

PUCK



MATTERS of state may pause while the man at the front has his little joke. Much of the best wit of the day has come to us from the French *poilu* and his English trench-mate, and it is PUCK'S fond hope to go into action arm in arm, in fact and in spirit, with the American legions that have answered their country's call.



IN completely changing the character of the oldest satirical journal in the country, the new owners of PUCK have struck a note entirely novel among American periodicals.

There is not an old saw, not a stale or dog-eared idea in it from front cover to back. It treats of the lighter side of the war in a manner that gives the man in the trenches an excuse for smiling—even if the folks back home think that *their* burden is a heavy one. PUCK is the first of the humorous papers to sense fully its war time mission.



An Important Duty

DELAY in filling in this coupon only postpones *somebody's* happiness. If you have a son, or friend, or fiancé in the service of his country, simply write his *name* and *regiment* in the blank spaces and mail it to us with a dollar bill—or check for \$1. It makes no difference whether you know his exact address or not. If he is in Uncle Sam's service, and you give us the number of his regiment or unit, we'll locate him and see that he receives "THE PATRIOTIC PAPER" for the next *six months*. You cannot put a dollar to work where it will buy more genuine, downright pleasure.

Just to prove this to your own satisfaction, get a copy of the current PUCK from your newsdealer and prepare to spend the happiest half hour you've known since the war started.

PUCK, 119 West 40th St., New York
Enclosed find \$1 for which you will send Puck to the following address for the next six months.

Name _____

Regiment _____

Drink Coca-Cola

TRADE MARK
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Like the fine companionship of a favorite friend, Coca-Cola is delicious and refreshing—a bond of mutual enjoyment.

Demand the genuine by full name—
nicknames encourage substitution.

THE COCA-COLA CO. ATLANTA, GA.

